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# HOW FARMER JONES WAS WON

A SUFFRAGE PLAY IN SIX ACTS



By  
MRS. INGRAM L. ARMSTRONG  
Fairbury, Nebraska



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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

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FARMER JONES, the Star.

MRS. JONES

CHILDREN:

Sam, age 19.

Lilly, age 17.

Ralph, age 12.

Twins, Julia and Jimmie, age 8.

NEIGHBORS:

Mrs. Catlin

Mrs. White

Mrs. Meyers

Mrs. Willet

FIVE WOMEN, Officers of Franchise Club.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCHISE CLUB

COLONEL ROOSEVELT

A large number of unnamed actors, who make the crowd at a political rally.

Th's exercise can be given or not as desired.

**Exercise for Nine Little Girls, Seven or Eight Years of Age.**

Enter with flags about nine inches by twelve, held over heads and when in line facing audience place flags with handle on floor, hand on top of flag resting at side, just as guns are placed at side at the command "rest arms."

FIRST GIRL.—There won't be any more drunken papas come staggering home to beat their little children, when we get "votes for women."

SECOND GIRL.—No more little girls and boys will go cold and hungry to bed when we get "votes for women."

THIRD GIRL.—And no more little girls and boys will have to go barefoot in the winter snow when we get "votes for women."

FOURTH GIRL.—And all the little children will have nice red hoods and red caps and mittens, when we get "votes for women."

FIFTH GIRL.—And every little girl in the U. S. will get a great big nice doll for a Christmas present when we get "votes for women."

SIXTH GIRL.—And all the little children will have lots of ice cream on their birthdays, when we get “votes for women.”

SEVENTH GIRL.—And all the little boys will have velocipedes and baseballs and a great big football, when we get “votes for women.”

EIGHTH GIRL.—And Santa Claus will have lots more money for everybody when we get “votes for women.”

NINTH GIRL.—Because—we will put all the breweries and distilleries and saloons and blind tigers out of business, when we get “votes for women.”

FLAG EXERCISE.—Bring flags to shoulders and extend them toward audience, while saying in unison, “Your flag,” then bring flags back to breasts and say, “and my flag.” Repeat this exercise twice. Then hold flags straight above heads and finish with the words, “when we get votes for women.”

## ACT I.

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Farmer Jones and son washing in a tin basin on a bench just outside the kitchen door.

FARMER JONES, (Animated manner)—Now, Sam, this darned "votes for women" idea is going just a little too far. I believe in women having all the rights they need, but when it comes to getting out and running for office and neglecting homes and trying to run the mens' business and come in contact with politics, its time to put a stop to it.

MRS. JONES, (Appearing in doorway.)—Pa, breakfast has been waiting twenty minutese. The biscuits won't be fit to eat if you keep us waiting much longer.

FARMER JONES—Now, ma, don't come buttin' in like this when I've got such weighty matters on my mind as this political rally, and woman suffrage nonsense that has to be took care of today. I had some mighty weighty arguments all thot out and I was going to embelish 'em with facts and you come and upset the whole program. Well, come on Sam, lets go to biscuits. My vote is worth a whole wagon load of arguments anyway.

Farmer Jones and Sam enter kitchen door.

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## ACT II.

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Kitchen, stove, cupboard and anything characteristic of a kitchen. Family at breakfast table, five children, Sam nineteen, Lilly seventeen, Ralph twelve, the twins Julia and Jimmie eight years old. Red tablecloth, large coffee pot, biscuits, bacon and eggs and molasses.

FARMER JONES, (Talking between mouthfulls.)—There would be more divorces and homes would be broken up and children would run the streets like wild steers and their mothers would be parading the streets talking politics and—

LILLY—Oh! Pa, did you know that Mrs. Scott eloped last night with the postman on their route and left her three little children and all her setting hens and her husband and the little spotted calf they're raising by hand and she don't believe in votes for women either. She thinks the women ought to tend to their own business and let the men tend to their's. She thinks just like you do, Pa.

FARMER J., (Chocking)—She does, does she. Well, the brazen hussy, she ought to be hung.

MRS. JONES—Well it certainly is a disgrace to the whole

neighborhood. What about the postman's wife and children? Poor things. It looks to me, Pa, like they ought to both be hung or at least locked up in jail and fed on bread and water for a spell until they both come to their senses.

FARMER J.—Nonsense, Mother, the postman's family need his support. It would be a shame to hang a young good looking chap like that, just because he was fool enough to succumb to the wiles and mecinations of that brazen faced hussy. She's put herself just where I always knew she belonged. Poor Scott certainly ought to have the sympathy of this entire community.

SAM.—Yes, Pa, but their hired man told me last week that he beats her every time he comes home from town loaded to the brim, and that about every time.

FARMER J.—Tut, tut, son, don't begin to peddle gossip like some "old woman." She probably needed all the beatings she ever got and its a great pity more women can't be disciplined that way now-a-days.

RALPH.—Yes, Pa, but I heard the hired man tell Sam how Mrs. Scott got a terrible beating last Saturday night and when he asked her Sunday morning how she got that black eye, she hesitated and then said she was walking in her sleep last night and must have hit her head on the door casing. Sam and the hired man laughed and said he guessed old man Scott would be walking in his sleep some night and accidentally get hung to a cotton wood limb.

FARMER J.—Well drat this nonsense. I haven't time to listen (rises from table) to these neighborhood scandles. I have more important business on hand right now.

LILLY, (Rising.)—Well, Pa, Mrs. Scott don't believe in "votes for women," and that ought to be one thing in her favor anyway. (Laughs softly) Evidently she thinks a woman's place is at home.

MRS. JONES.—I'm going over to see those poor children (rises) just as soon as I can get ready after the bread's set to rise. And all those poor settin' hens penned up in boxes that need to be watered and fed and that little spotted calf probably going without its breakfast too. Its just a shame.

Curtain falls. (Opportunity for splendid acting.)

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### ACT III.

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In bed room. Farmer J. standing before old-fashioned bureau, having scattered contents of two drawers over floor, calls

in loud voice, Mother, where's that boiled shirt I wore to the Harvest Home picnic in September.

Voice calls from next room—In the middle drawer, pa, right by your hand. Finds shirt, lays it on the bed. Next looks beneath a curtain on the wall where he sees several dresses but no trousers. Calls again in a loud voice, "Wife, what in the devil have you done with my Sunday pants?"

A voice from the next room—"Look under the curtain, Pa." Muttering and growling to himself Jones looks once more and finds pants underneath dress skirt. Lays them on bed. Looks at them and then counts on fingers—pants, shirt, "well thats the most essential—guess I could go that way if I had too. But, now lets see, what next, (counts on fingers) shoes, coat, vest and necktie." Looks under bureau, in drawers, under bed, even lifts up pillows and finally finds shoes in shoe box or window seat. Sets shoes on bed and remarks, "Now you stay put till I'm ready for you." Jones now starts on a still hunt for coat and vest which leaves every dress and skirt under the wall curtain lying on the floor, but no coat and veset.

FARMER J., (Calls in loud voice)—Ma, what in time have you done with my Sunday coat and vest. Its a queer thing how my clothes always get hid just when I want to use 'em.

MRS. JONES, (Entering calmly, takes a coat hanger from the wall and lifting a calico cover reveals coat and vest.)—Here it was in plain sight William, if it had been a bear it would have bit you. You've never out-grown the days when a woman had to dress you (and hesitating) spank you too, and its a pity.

FARMER J., (Looks radiant, takes coat and places it on bed.)—Now all I need to complete this thing is a consarned necktie.

MRS. JONES—You can find it yourself William, or go without it, (and sails out of room.)

FARMER J., (Looks amazed)—Why, What's the matter now. Oh! I know, mother's mad because she can't vote and she knows I don't want her too. The facts are I don't think its a sensible thing for any man to voluntarily surrender his domestic authority. When you've got a good thing hang on to it—as long as you can anyway. No sense in a man rushing to his own doom when he don't have to. (Goes to bureau, scattering much on floor, and finally brings up a flaring red, yellow and green necktie and places it on bed.) Now that I have spent about two hours in correlling this wordrobe I think I can get into it in about two minutes.

Curtain falls.

## ACT IV.

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Sitting room, large square ingrain carpet on floor. Old-fashioned chairs, carpet covered sofa, centre-table on which rests a large family bible. Cardboard motto, "God Bless Our Home," hanging in conspicuous place.

A knock from outside, door slightly ajar. A voice is heard saying, "I wonder where those children can be. Can it be possible that he has gone and murdered himself and all his children just because his wife has run off with another man. We often read of such dreadful things in the papers. Its really my duty to go in and find out but—Oh! here comes Mrs. Catlin, I'll wait for her and we'll go in together." A moment later two women enter dressed plainly, both wearing gingham aprons and sunbonnets.

MRS. JONES, (Throwing up hands exclaiming)—Praise the Lord, what a relief to know everything's all right—at least as far as being murdered in your own blood is concerned. There don't seem to be a soul around here. I wonder what it means?

MRS. CATLIN—I never was more got in my life. Mrs. Scott always appeared to be such a modest retiring sort of a creature and she seemed to think a heap of her family.

MRS. JONES—Yes, but you can't always tell. Its these quiet ones you have to watch the most sometimes. But it does seem strange, for she never seemed to be hankering after notariety like Jones says all women do who want to become legal citizens and vote and hold office like the men do.

MRS. CATLIN—Now, Mrs. Jones, don't talk about seekin' noteriety—if you don't want to get me started. Just so did George Washington and Patrick Henry and John Adams and Thomas Jefferson seek notoriety when they wanted to become legal citizens and have a personality that counted, when it come to payin taxes. They objected to being bunched like a herd of steers and taxed en-masse and so do I. I'll risk all the notoriety comin' to me by castin' my vote in the ballot box once a year.

MRS. JONES—Yes, but Jones says there will be more divorces and—

MRS. CATLIN (interrupting)—Good Lord, Mrs. Jones, use a little common sense on this question. Don't some men run an awful risk of having their homes broken up when they allow their wives to cast letters into the mail boxes every day in the year? I tell you Mrs. Jones casting a printed opinion about the government into a sanctified ballot box aint a goin' to change the human nature of a woman. Its amazin' to me that men who

have never been arrested for being short on brains would use such an argument. Human nature is something that will show itself under any and all conditions. What would this community think of me if I should bob up on the church steps some Sunday morning, just as all the men was a hitchin' their horses to the racks and sing out, "take the ballot away from the men, there's too many divorcees goin' on in this community and too much voting on the part of the men must be the cause of it." Why Miss Jones, you know they would have me before the lunicy commission in less 'en twenty four hours. (Mrs. Catlin can walk about gesticulating a little if desired.)

MRS. JONES.—I always knew there was no sense to that divorce argument, because (leaning forward), when a woman won't leave a man for a thousand times weightier reasons, she won't leave him, because of him voting contrary to her wishes. I want to tell you, Mrs. Catlin, that husbands voting contrary, would be a summer days picnic for some women. I'm speaking this out of deep experience, and its just between you and me.

A knock sound on the door.

MRS. JONES (aside)—Merciful goodness, I hope they didn't hear that.

Enter Mesdames Meyers, Willet and White. All plainly dressed, wearing aprons and sun bonnets.

Greetings exchanged all around.

MRS. WILLET—We just felt like it was our duty to come over here and see how things was goin'.

MRS. WHITE—I just wanted to prove things for myself and see if she was really gone before I repeated what I heard this morning. I do hate gossip so, especially unfounded gossip.

MRS. JONES—Well, poor Miss Scotts gone all right but I don't know as you would blame her much if you knew all there is to know in this case.

MRS. MEYERS—For the lands sake, Mrs. Jones, what on earth do you mean?

MRS. JONES, (very deliberately.)—I want to say that it ain't the ballot that is coming but its the booze thats here, thats making divorcees right now every day in he year. Poor hing, she deserves our pity.

MRS. WILLET.—We suspicioned as much but she was so quiet and never said nothing that we wasn't just sure.

MRS. WHITE.—I wonder if she left a note, poor thing.

MRS. WILLET.—That's right, lets make a search and see if we can find it. (All search.)

MRS. MEYERS.—Oh! here it is pinned in a fold of the lace curtain. (All gather about her, Mrs. Meyers reads) "Dearest husband, it breaks my heart to leave you thus, but your cruel treatment periodically continued causes me at times to even fear for my life." Mrs. Catlin throws up hands, (express amazement) and sinks into chair. Mrs. Meyers continues reading, "It is only because of your generous, kindly nature when you are yourself that I have remained and suffered as long as I have." Mrs. Jones now sinks into rocking chair, takes up one corner of apron and wipes eyes. Mrs. Meyers continues, "I am going to my grandfather's home in Huntersville. They have long wanted me to leave you but I have been so torn by conflicting emotions (Mrs. Meyers' voice chacks, continues reading with unsteady voice) that I have never been able to decide till now." Mesdames Willet and White now sink into chairs and dab handkerchiefs to eyes. Mrs. Meyers continues reading, "Even now I should remain here if the R. R. driver, who has long known of my mistreatment at your hands, had not made it possible for me to take all the children with me. I have waited in patience for you to reform till all hope was gone. You will never know with what terror I have listened for your foot steps that seemed to sound the death knell of all my earthly hopes when you were not yourself, husband, because of the liquid demon that had stolen away your true nature, but I shall never cease to pray for your ultimate reformation. Your heart-broken wife, Lucy L. Scott." Mrs. Meyers wipes eyes, others wipe eyes. Silence prevails for a minute.

MRS. WHITE.—Ladies, I feel more like having a prayer meeting than anything else I can think of.

MRS. CATLIN.—Prayer meetings are all right. I was raised on 'em, but faith and works go together. If we had the power of the ballot we could straighten out Miss Scott's troubles in twenty four hours.

ALL in chorus—Thats just what I say, thats just right.

MRS. WILLET.—Ladies, if we don't get elected to citizenship next Tuesday, lets starve 'em out, just naturally quit cooking. Its the best argument I know of.

MRS. JONES. (Throwing up hands.)—For the lands sake, them settin' hens haven't been watered yet and I plum forgot 'em till this minute. (Rises and leaves room.)

MRS. WILLET.—Thats partly what I came over for. (Follows Mrs. Jones out of the door.)

MRS. MEYERS.—And that little spotted calf needs its breakfast. I knew there was something on my mind that hadn't been tended to yet. (Leaves room.)

Mesdames Catlin and White rise to follow as curtain falls.

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## ACT V.

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An ordinary stage with small temporary platform erected for speaker. A "votes for women" motto just above the temporary platform. A dozen men standing about talking excitedly.

Enters from the back of the stage, directly onto the temporary platform, five women, officers of The Womans Equal Franchise Club, (wearing votes for women badges across breast) and sit down in chairs arranged on platform, as about twenty (under circumstances may be more or less) women enter from both sides of stage and throng about platform, wearing votes for women badges across breast and waiving "Votes for Women" penants. Six, eight or ten men can also enter from both sides of the platform just after the women. (A representation of a political rally or gathering of the crowds just before the speaker arrives.)

Enter from back of stage elegantly dressed woman, president of The Franchise Club followed by the speaker of the day, who proves to be Colonel Roosevelt. The men toss hats into air calling "what's the matter with T. R. He's all right." The women wave penants and cry, "Votes for women, long live Teddy, he is for us and he's all right."

The president of the club steps forward, bows and says, "Friends and neighbors who I see gathered here before me, we have with us this afternoon one of the greatest men of this age and one of the few great men of this day who has rallied to the support of our great and just and world wide cause. I now present to you one who needs no introduction to a Nebraska audience." As Roosevelt steps forward the crowd renew calls, "Long live Teddy, votes for women, give women their rights, nothing slow about Teddy. He's all right." Men toss hats in air and women wave penants. The main thing is to represent a spontaneous political rally.

ROOSEVELT, (Smiles and waves hand.—Men and women, I am delighted to be here this afternoon to engage in this great revolutionary campaign that now confronts us. Men, do you

know that you are in the midst of the most peaceful revolution the world has ever seen? The political emancipation of one half the human family and that the better half, is not only a nation wide, but a world wide revolution, for sooner or later, it is inevitably coming, wherever man alone now holds the scepter of authority. And while this is the most peaceful revolution the world has ever seen it is also the greatest, because it includes every nation, every race, and every condition of women. Talk about this question being a "states rights" job is enough to make a jack rabbit laugh. Building bridges and flood protection banks might be called state jobs, but placing woman's political emancipation on a par with good roads etc. is an insult to her womanly dignity and absolute human value. Say boys, I'm getting warm under the collar and if I should happen to say a few things I know the ladies will pardon me for there is nothing like fighting in the open. I really enjoy it. I am no new convert to this great cause, for in my inaugural address as governor of New York in 1899 I called the attention of the legislature to the desirability of gradually extending the sphere in which the suffrage could be exercised by women.\* And all who were opposed to that measure wanted to mob me, and all my enemies are now saying I am a recent convert because I think I can profit by it, but boys, its a lie, don't believe it; but any man who contradicts my word is a liar, anyway, so we will just pass that subject up. Now for a few arguments on the question at hand. In the first place every man who is opposed to giving woman her rightful place in community life ought to be hung; in the second place, he ought to be disfranchised for about ten years while his wife did all the voting for the family. In the third place no equal franchise state or country has ever revoked its equal franchise and never will because it is too eminently just and too evidently productive of good to everyone concerned. (Turning with a smile he bows to officers of the club.) There's your argument ladies, the pivot on which you can rest your cause, the pivot that will ultimately turn the world. (Women all clap and wave penants.) All those long standing and moss covered arguments against womans enfranchisement have proved absolute bugaboos, and when anyone opposed, springs, the divorce deluge that is sure to follow, just tell him to bring on his proof, thats all. Te read the arguments presented by some so-called statesmen, one would be led to suppose that they were not aware of the fact that one fourth

\*An historical fact.

of his country had already adopted equal franchise. In fact there is no argument against equal franchise. It is a reform too long delayed already. Give woman her rightful place in community life and we will rule the world, for the strength of a nation lies in the intellect and the virtue of her women. The strength of a nation does not lie alone in the virtue of her women. Every imperial government of the past that banked alone on the virtue of its women and denied acknowledgement of their intellectual attribute has gone to the scrap heap. Imperial India of the past now lays prostrate at the feet of England and behold the condition to which she has debased her women. Look at the Mohammedon world where the seclusion and degradation of woman has gone even farther than their unspeakable debasement in India. The very chapter in the Koran that treats of the legal status of woman is called the Cow, where she is classed as a scandal, a slave, a disgrace, a temptation, a blemish and a burden on the face of the earth. And in every country where Islamism prevails civilization has been dragged down to the same level to which the women have been debased. Get a world view of this question, men, for that is what it is, a world question, and the greatest that has confronted humanity since the right of representative government was declared to be an inalienable right by our forefathers in 1776. But they just got half way towards the truth in that declaration for we have now reached another mile stone in the progress of the human race. Men, don't belittle your intellect and your manhood by repeating kindergarten objections to a question that is as wide and deep and high as the width and depth and height of human needs and human possibilities. To say that woman's rightful place is at home, is only a little less paganistic than to say her rightful place is behind haram walls or zenana walls, or the health destroying veil of heathen religions. Why should woman's rightful place be behind any old walls? In the name of religion or any other name. It has degraded every nation that has committed that colossal human crime and elevated every nation in proportion as they have avoided such practices. I'll tell you men, the seclusion of women is paganistic, it is the very cornerstone of heathen religions. It is not the teachings of christianity, for God saw it was not good for man to be alone, for in a multitude of council there is wisdom. (Roosevelt then

bows to officers of Womans Club.) For five thousand years the world has been legislating from the male point of view, and as a consequence every world power of the past has gone down into the dust of decay never to arise. Mother instinct, mother love, the council of motherhood has been too long ignored by the law givers of the nations.

FARMER JONES (Climbs up on corner of platform and waiving arms, shouts)—Give the women a chance, give 'em social justice, I say give 'em.

A dozen hands start to drag Jones from platform but Roosevelt rescues him. "Hold on boys, let him finish" (T. R. places hand on Jones' shoulder and turning to audience says, "Here's a man who believes in equal privileges for all and special privileges for none.

THE CROWD—What's the matter with Jones. He's alright.

FARMER JONES (looks embarressed)—I say, give the women a chance, (pauses) votes for women, (pauses) **VOTES FOR WOMEN**, (another embarressed pause and finishes) **VOTES FOR WOMEN, Amen.** The crowd yells and Jones tumbles off platform. Jones can assume character of hayseed overcome by sudden honors. (Chance for splendid acting.)

ROOSEVELT (smiling)—My friend Jones hasn't much to say but he talks to the point and that is the main thing.

Women wave penants and cry—What's the matter with Mr. Jones? He's all right, votes for women, votes for women, he's all right.

T. R. (smiles—Now friends, just a word in conclusion. You are confronting a great opportunity. You have the power of lifting the social and economic conditions of your state to a higher plain of civic righteousness than has ever been attained in the past. Take your wives and your mothers into your councils of state just as the great I Am intended for man to do from the dawn of creation and you will have started on the road that leads to the milinium. And I believe that the great generous hearted, righteousthinking manhood of this state will not fail us (bows to president of Club) in that final testing hour of casting the ballot of decision; the decision for civic righteousness and woman's emancipation. I think you.

Just as T. R. finishes, Jones bobs out in front of theatre audience and in pompous manner, and waiving arms cries—God bless the women.

Everybody laughs. Curtain falls.

## ACT VI.

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Kitchen. Family gathered about table, covered with red table cloth on which rests a large showy coal oil lamp. Sam reading magazine (Independant farmer) Lilly tatting or crocetting. Ralph cleaning rifle. The twins Julia and Jimmie playing dominos. Mrs. Jones is mending a pair of trousers. Sews on button and then basts on patch and later sews it firmly in place.

MRS. JONES.—Pa seems to be later than usual tonight.

SAM.—Oh he'll be along pretty soon. He's just stopped to gas with some of his cronies and say what he thinks about it.

LILLY.—Why, Sam, arn't you ashamed of yourself to speak that way about father.

SAM.—Oh, Pop's all right only he might be improved a little (and continues reading.)

JULIA.—Oh! Mama, Jimmie won't play fair, he's counting more 'en he ought to for himself, and says girls don't know how to count right.

MRS. JONES.(adjusts spectacles and looks at children).—Now children play fair or you will both have to go to bed.

JIMMIE,(begins to bluster and says).—Well she's tryin' to tell me how to count the points and she don't know nothin' about it, because girls ain't supposed to know.

LILLY.—Say Jimmie, who got 97 in the last number test and who got 73?

RALPH (grins and turning round nudges Jimmie).—Say, old man, that's what I say, who got 73?

JIMMIE (with great bluster).—Well, if you're all so smart and know so much more than I do, I'll just quit. Nobody has to play 'at I know of. (Ralph pushes back from table.)

JULIA (dropping head on table sobs out).—He wasn't playing fair, but I was.

MRS. JONES.—Now Jimmie, arn't you ashamed to treat little sister like that. Let sister count her way one game and you count your way next time.

JIMMIE (still blustering).—Well I don't care, they're all so smart and know so much, (and begins to edge toward table again.)

JULIA (raising head smiles radiantly).—Come on Jimmie, I'll let you win one game and you can let me win one game.

MRS. JONES.—That's right brother, play with sister and be a good boy.

A noise is heard from outside, neighing of horses and a loud voice calls—Hello in there. Bring out the lantern.

MRS. JONES.—Run Ralphie and get the lantern, (Ralph takes lantern off of hook in kitchen and goes out) and Same you go and help father put up the horses. I expect he'll be hungry coming home this late, (rises and puts coffee pot on stove, sits down and again takes up mending of trousers.)

Sam leaves room, a moment later Jones enters, walks up to table pulls a bundle of newspapers from one pocket and two full-sized unwrapped plugs of chewing tobacco from another pocket, lays them on table. Finds sack of candy in another pocket, sets it on table and says to Julia, "Here, baby, is your candy." (This last must be said in a proud affectionate fatherly way.)

Julia gets candy and gives some to her mother and Jimmie.

Jones looks around, smiles in a friendly way, takes off hat and as he hangs it up says, "Well I got home."

Julia gets his slippers while Jimmie helps him take off his shoes.

MRS. JONES.—Did you see any of the folks in from over Cub Creek way. Pa?

FARMER J.—Yes, but not to visit with 'em.

MRS. JONES.—I wish you had found out about how Mrs. Johnson's baby is getting along after that spell of measels it came so near dying with.—Do you want Lilly to get you a lunch, Pa?

FARMER J.—no, don't bother, I aint hungry. (Goes to shelf and takes down pipe and slowly fills it and continues) Seven of us boys went into the new palace restaurant and had a dandy oyster stew just before we started for home. Some time, ma, when your in town and its convenient, I'll take you in there and treat you. (Jones sits down by table and begins to smoke.)

LILLY.—Well, Pa, tell us all about what happened in town today. Do you think our amendment will carry next Tuesday?

FARMER J.—So you really want to vote, do you, just like your old daddy? (Said very earnestly.)

MRS. JONES.—Yes, Pa, and its a cryin shame that us women haven't the ballot this very minute, for Mrs. Scott never run off atall, she was just naturally driven away because of whiskey in the home, and if ther's lots of women aint contented to stay in their homes these days, its just because you men folks didn't seem to have sense enough to keep whiskey out of the

homes, when you was tryin' so desperit hard to keep women in the homes. I'll tell you, Pa, them two elements won't mix in a home, and when they do, the homes gone. There aint no roof broad enough to make a home for both woman and whiskey, and it peers to me like women just naturally have to get out and clean up their own homes so they can stay in 'em. It seems like I just got my eyes opened this morning to what "votes for women" means and I don't know when I've been so riled up. I wish you could have heard Mrs. Catlin talk common sense this morning, Pa, for she has different ideas from you, and I think she is right too. I'll have her over to spend the day sometime before long.

Jones looks sheepish. (His facial expression can be a masterpiece of acting.)

Enter Sam and Ralph carrying lantern which he hangs up.

SAM.—Father, did you see Scott's hired man in town today? He just stopped out here in the drive way a few minutes; he says the old man has gone after his wife and kids and also that he saw you in town today.

JONES. (Acts nervous, going through all the motions with his pipe, shifting it from hand to hand, pressing down tobacco, lighting match etc. Clears throat and says)—What's—what's that about Scotts hired man?

SAM.—He said you must have flopped on the woman question or had been drinking ice cold butter milk on the sly. (Sam laughs.)

FARMER J.—Buttermilk? Humph, he must have been out of something to talk about.

SAM (laughs).—Well he didn't seem to be father. He said you were up a hurrying for the women this afternoon at their rally when they sprung Teddy on the crowd, and that you said "God bless Jane Adaams" or something like that.

FARMER J. (looking releived).—Well, that's a most tremendous falsehood, for I never said nothing about Jane Adaams.

SAM—Well, what woman was it Pop? Was it Mrs. Pankhurst?

Family all laugh but Jones fails to see joke.

FARMER J. (Emphatically).—No sir, I never said nothing about no woman. I just simply said "God bless the women,"

and all the time I was thinking about your mother.

LILLY, (Springing up, runs round table puts arms about her father's neck, standing back of his chair, says joyfully)—Oh! you blessed old daddy. Then you are really converted to our cause and will vote for us next Tuesday.

JONES.—Well, most anybody would get converted if he should be suddenly confronted with them arguments T. R. fetched along with him this afternoon.

MRS. JONES, (who is still sewing patch on trousers, looks radiant and stretches hand toward her husband.)—Praise the Lord, William, praise the Lord, now I can help Mrs. Scott out of her troubles the first opportunity that presents. And William, I'll feel just as holy as if I was going to a prayer meeting, for faith and work goes together, that's scriptural.

SAM.—Well, Pop, tell us all about it.

LILLY.—Yes, Daddy, we're just dying to hear. Please tell us all about what T. R. said and what they all said and did?

FARMER J. (clears throat.)—Well, 'twas just like this. Soon's I saw them suffrage women had T. R. correlled up there on the platform I sensed right away just how things was agoin'. I knew he'd say that every one who didn't believe in "votes for women," wasn't hardly fit to be hung and knowin' as how I didn't belong to that class—

RALPH.—What Class was that, Pa?

FARMER J.—Why, the hangin' class, of course.

MRS. JONES.—Don't interrupt your father, when he's talking, Ralphie.

JONES.—Well, as I was saying, feeling that I was above that class, I says to myself, (gestures toward wife) now, ma, this aint profanity, you've often cautioned me about this, ma, but this aint profanity. Its just the way I felt. I says to myself, "For God's sake, Jones, get into the band wagon quick."

MRS. JONES, (surprised)—William!

FARMER J.—Now, ma, that ain't profanity. Its patriotism, if you look at it right. You can all go to town with me next Tuesday. It'll be pretty apt to, carry.

SAM.—Lill, old girl, you can have my vote any time you want to run for sheriff.

LILLY.—Oh! Sam, hush such nonsense. What I want is a chance to vote for you and father or any other good man when

he runs for office, for, as it is now, some men are too good to stand any show at all of getting elected. (Lilly rises and makes a low bow to her father and Sam.)

SAM, (laughs and clapps hands.)—Good for you Sis. You will make a diplomat in spite of yourself. From now on its "votes for women" in this house, till that cry goes out of use as a campaign slogan in this state or any other.

Curtain falls.

Exercise by nine little girls.





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